

IN LONDON.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches in the English Metropolis.

The Audience Was Moved to Tears By the Noted Preacher's Eloquence—A Tremendous Multitude Listens to the Sermon.

Dr. Talmage preached by special invitation of Rev. Jos. Parker, the celebrated English divine, in the City Temple, London, Sunday forenoon. Long before the opening hour a dense mass of people besieged the doors of the temple. The crowd was so tightly wedged that women fainted during the struggle for entrance.

Dr. Parker introduced Dr. Talmage to the audience and greeted him in loving cordiality. Talmage's sermon moved the auditory to tears. At the conclusion Parker took the platform, and, addressing the audience, said with much feeling:

"That is the most solemn, pathetic and impressive appeal I ever listened to. It has kindled the fire of enthusiasm in our souls that will burn on forever. It has unfolded the possibilities of the pulpit never before reached. It has stirred all hearts with holiest ambition."

Then, lifting his eyes heavenward, he added, impressively: "I thank God for Dr. Talmage's life and ministry, and I despise the man who can not appreciate his services to Christianity. [Great applause.] May he preach in this pulpit again."

After the service, and as the congregation was being dismissed, Dr. Parker embraced the American preacher in the pastor's study, and fervently invited him to make the City Temple his headquarters.

When Dr. Talmage left the church he found that a great audience remained outside, and an almost impassable crowd blocked the street. He was immediately surrounded by the crowd, which was kept back by the police, while the doctor, guarded by policemen, made a brief address, standing in a carriage when he spoke. In the coach were Miss Maud Talmage and Dr. and Mrs. Louis Klopsch, of New York city, who are with the Talmage party.

After his remarks there was a season of handshaking. At last the police succeeded in clearing a path, and the carriage passed through the multitude, many running after it to get a glimpse of the Tabernacle preacher. Dr. Talmage's stay in London is uncertain, as he leaves soon for St. Petersburg to distribute the cargo of the Christian Herald Russian relief steamer Leo.

Dr. Talmage entitles his sermon, "The Immense Cost," for the text, 1 Cor. vi. 20, "Ye are bought with a price."

Your friend takes you through his valuable house. You examine the arches, the frescoes, the grass plots, the fish ponds, the conservatories, the parks of deer, and you say within yourself or you say aloud: "What did all this cost?" You see a costly diamond flashing in an ear-ring, or you hear a costly dress rustling across the drawing-room, or you see a high-mettled span of horses harnessed with silver and gold, and you begin to make an estimate of the value.

The man who owns a large estate can not instantly tell you what it is worth. He says: "I will estimate so much for the house, so much for the furniture, so much for laying out the grounds, so much for the stock, so much for the barn, so much for the equipage—adding up in all making this aggregate."

Well, my friends, I hear so much about our mansion in Heaven, about its furniture and the grand surroundings, that I want to know how much it is all worth, and what has actually been paid for it. I can not complete in a month, nor in a year, the magnificent calculation, but before I get through to-day I hope to give you the figures. "Ye are bought with a price."

With some friends I went to your tower to look at the crown jewels. We walked around, caught one glimpse of them, and, being in the procession, were compelled to pass out. I wish that I could take this audience into the tower of God's mercy and strength, that you might walk around just once, at least, and see the crown jewels of eternity, behold their brilliance, and estimate their value. "Ye are bought with a price."

"Now, if you have a large amount of money to pay, you do not pay it all at once, but you pay it by installments—so much the 1st of January, so much the 1st of April, so much the first of July, so much the 1st of October, until the entire amount is paid, and I have to tell this audience that "you have been bought with a price," and that price was paid in different installments.

The first installment paid for the clearance of our souls was the ignominious birth of Christ in Bethlehem. Though we may never be carefully looked after afterward, our advent into the world is carefully guarded. We come into the world amid kindly attentions. Privacy and silence are afforded when God launches an immortal soul into the world. Even the roughest of men know enough to stand back. But I have to tell you that in the village on the side of the hill there was a very bedlam of uproar when Jesus was born. In a village capable of accommodating only a few hundred people, many thousands of people were crowded, and, amid hostlers and muleteers and camel-drivers yelling at stupid beasts of burden, the Messiah appeared. No silence. No privacy. A better adapted

place hath the eagle in the eyrie—hath the whelp in the lions' lair. The exile of Heaven leth down upon straw. The first night out from the palace of Heaven spent in an outhouse! One hour after laying aside the robes of Heaven dressed in a wrapper of coarse linen. One would have supposed that Christ would have made a more gradual descent, coming from Heaven first to a half-way world of great magnitude, then to Caesar's palace, then to a merchant's castle in Galilee, then to a private home in Bethany, then to a fisherman's hut, and last of all to a stable. No! It was one leap from the top to the bottom.

Let us open the door of the caravansary in Bethlehem and drive away the camels. Press on through the group of idlers and loungers. What, O Mary! no light? "No light," she says, "save that which comes through the door." What, Mary! no food? "None," she says, "only that which was brought in the sack on the journey." Let the Bethlehem woman who has come in here with kindly attentions put back the covering from the babe that we may look upon it. Look! Look! Uncover your head. Let us kneel. Let all voices be hushed. Son of Mary! Son of God! Child of a day—Monarch of eternity! In that eye the glance of a God. Omnipotence sheathed in that babe's arm. That voice to be changed from the feeble plaint to the tone that shall wake the dead. Hosanna! Hosanna! Glory be to God that Jesus came from throne to manger that we might rise from manger to throne and that all the gates are open, and that the doors of Heaven, that once swung this way to let Jesus out, now swings the other way to let us in. Let all the bellmen of Heaven lay hold the rope and ring out the news: "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for to-day is born in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!"

The second installment paid for our soul's clearance was the scene in Quarantania, a mountainous region, full of caverns, where there are to this day panthers and wild beasts of all sorts, so that you must now go there armed with knife or gun or pistol. It was there that Jesus went to think and to pray, and it was there that this monster of hell—more sly, more terrible than anything that prowled in that country—Satan himself—met Christ.

The rose in the cheek of Christ—that Publius Lentulus, in his letter to the Roman senate, ascribed to Jesus—that rose had scattered its petals. Abstinence from food had thrown him into emaciation. A long abstinence from food recorded in profane history is that of the crew of the ship Juno; for twenty-three days they had nothing to eat. But this sufferer had fasted a month and ten days before he broke fast. Hunger must have agonized every fiber of the body, and gnawed on the stomach with teeth of death. The thought of a morsel of bread or meat must have thrilled the body with something like ferocity. Turn out a pack of men hungry as Christ was a-hungered, and if they had strength, with one yell they would devour you as a lion a kid. It was in that pang of hunger that Jesus was accosted, and Satan said: Now change these stones, which look like bread, into an actual supply of bread." Had the temptation come to you and me, under those circumstances we would have cried: "Bread it shall be!" and been almost impatient at the time taken for mastiation; but Christ with one hand beat back the hunger, and with the other hand beat back the monarch of darkness. O, ye tempted ones! Christ was tempted. We are told that Napoleon ordered a coat of mail made; but he was not quite certain that it was impenetrable, so he said to the manufacturer of the coat of mail: "Put it on now yourself and let us try it," and with shot after shot with his own pistol the Emperor found out that it was just what it pretended to be—a good coat of mail. Then the man received a large reward.

I bless God that the same coat of mail that struck back the weapons of temptation from the head of Christ we may now all wear; for Jesus comes and says: "I have been tempted and I know what it is to be tempted. Take this robe that defended me and wear it for yourselves. I shall see you through all trials and I shall see you through all temptation."

"But," says Satan still further to Jesus, "come and I will show you something worth looking at." And after a half day's journey they came to Jerusalem, and to the top of the temple. Just as one might go up in the tower of Antwerp and look off upon Belgium, so Satan brought Christ to the top of the temple. Some people at a great height feel dizzy and a strange disposition to jump; so Satan comes to Christ in that very crisis. Standing there at the top of the temple they looked off. A magnificent reach of country. Grain fields, vineyards, olive groves, forests and streams, cattle in the valley, flocks on the hills and villages and cities and realms. "Now," says Satan, "I'll make a bargain. Just jump off. I know it is a great way from the top of the temple to the valley, but if you are divine you can fly. Jump off. It won't hurt you. Angels will catch you. Your Father will hold you. Besides, I'll make you a large present if you will. I'll give you Asia Minor, I'll give you China, I'll give you Ethiopia, I'll give you Italy, I'll give you Spain, I'll give you Germany, I'll give you Britain, I'll give you all the world." What a temptation it must have been.

Go to-morrow morning and get in an altercation with some wretch crawling

up from a gin cellar in the lowest part of your city. "No," you say, "I would not demean myself by getting into such a contest." Then think of what the King of Heaven and earth endured when he came down and fought the great wretch of hell, and fought him in the wilderness and on top of the temple. But I bless God that in the triumph over temptation Christ gives us the assurance that we also shall triumph. Having Himself been tempted He is able to succor all those who are tempted. In a violent storm at sea the mate told a boy—for the rigging had become entangled at the mast—to go up and right it. A gentleman standing on the deck said: "Don't send that boy up; he will be dashed to death." The mate said, "I know what I am about." The boy raised his hat in recognition of the order, and then rose hand over hand and went to work; and as he swung in the storm the passengers wrung their hands and expected to see him fall. The work done, he came down in safety; and a Christian man said to him: "Why did you go down in the forecabin before you went up?" "Ah!" said the boy, "I went down to pray. My mother always taught me before I undertook any thing great to pray." "What is that you have in your vest?" said the man. "Oh! that is the New Testament," he said. "I thought I would carry it with me if I really did go overboard." How well the boy was protected! I care not how great the height or how vast the depth, with Christ within us and Christ beneath us and Christ above us and Christ all around, nothing can befall us in the way of harm. Christ himself having been in the tempest will deliver all those who put their trust in Him. Blessed be his glorious name forever.

The third installment paid for our redemption was the Saviour's sham trial. I call it a sham trial—there never has been anything so indecent or unfair in any criminal court as was witnessed at the trial of Christ. Why, they hustled Him into the courtroom at 2 o'clock in the morning. They gave Him no time for counsel. They gave Him no opportunity for subpoenaing witnesses. The ruffians were wandering around through the midnight, of course, saw the arrest, and went into the courtroom. But Jesus' friends were sober men, respectable men, and at that hour, 2 o'clock in the morning, of course, they were at home asleep. Consequently Christ entered the courtroom with the ruffians.

Oh, look at Him! No one to speak a word for Him. I lift the lantern until I can look at His face, and as my heart beats in sympathy for this, the best friend the world ever had, himself now utterly friendless, an officer of the court room comes up and smites Him in the mouth and I see blood stealing from gum and lip. Oh, it was a farce of a trial, lasting only perhaps an hour, and then the judge rises for sentence. Stop! It is against the law to give sentence unless there has been an adjournment of the court between condemnation and sentence, but what cares the judge for the law? "The man has no friends—let Him die," says the judge, and the ruffians outside the rail cry: "Aha! aha! that's what we want. Pass Him out here to us. Away with Him, Away with Him." Oh! I bless God that amid all the injustice that may have been inflicted upon us in this world we have a Divine Sympathizer. The world can not lie about you nor abuse you as much as did Christ, and Jesus stands to-day in every court room, in every house, in every store, and says: "Courage! By all my hours of maltreatment and abuse, I will protect those who are trampled upon." And when Christ forgets that two o'clock morning scene, and the stroke of the ruffian on the mouth, and the howling of the unwashed crowd, then He will forget you and me in the injustices of life that may be inflicted upon us.

Further I remark: The last great installment paid for our redemption was the demise of Christ. The world has seen many dark days. Many summers ago there was a very dark day when the sun was eclipsed. The fowl at noon-day went to their perch, and we felt a gloom as we looked at the astronomical wonder. It was a dark day in London when the plague was at its height, and the dead with uncovered faces were taken in open carts and dumped in the trenches. It was a dark day when the earth opened and Lisbon sank; but the darkest day since the creation of the world was when the carnage of Calvary was enacted.

It was about noon when the curtain began to be drawn. It was not the coming of a night that soothes and refreshes; it was the swinging of a great gloom all around the Heavens. God hung it. As when there is a dead one in the house you bow the shutters or turn the lattice, so God in the afternoon shut the windows of the world. As it is appropriate to throw a black pall upon the coffin as it passes along, so it was appropriate that every thing should be sombre that day as the great hearse of the earth rolled by, bearing the corpse of the King. A man's last hours are ordinarily kept sacred. However you may have hated or caricatured a man when you hear he is dying, silence puts its hands on your lips, and you would have a longing for the man who could stand by a deathbed making faces and scoffing. But Christ in His last hour can not be left alone. What, pursuing Him yet after so long a pursuit? You have been drinking His tears. Do you want to drink His blood? They come up closely, so that notwithstanding the darkness they can glut their revenge with the contortions of His countenance. They

examine His feet. They want to feel for themselves where those feet are really spiked. They put out their hands and touch the spikes, and bring them back wet with blood and wipe them on their garments. Women stand there and weep but can do no good. It is no place for the tender-hearted women. It wants a heart that crime has turned into granite. The waves of man's hatred and of hell's vengeance dash up against the mangled feet, and the hands of sin and pain and torture clutch for His holy heart. Had He not been thoroughly fastened to the cross they would have torn Him down and trampled Him with both feet. How the cavalry horses arched their necks and champed their bits, and reared and snuffed at the blood! Had a Roman officer called out for a light, his voice would not have been heard in the tumult; but louder than the clash of spear and the wailing of womanhood, and the neighing of the chargers, and the bellowing of the crucifiers, there comes a voice crashing through—loud, clear, overwhelming, terrific. It is the groaning of the dying Son of God! Look! what a scene! Look, world, at what you have done.

I lift the covering from the maltreated Christ to let you count the wounds and estimate the cost. Oh! when the nails went through Christ's right hand and through Christ's left hand, that bought both your hands with all their power to work, and lift and write; when the nails went through Christ's right foot and Christ's left foot, that bought your feet, with all their power, to walk or run or climb. When the thorn went into Christ's temple, that bought your brain, with all its power to think and plan. When the spear cleft Christ's side, that bought your heart, with all its power to love and repent and pray.

Oh, sinner, come, come back! If a man is in no pain, if he is prospered; if he is well, and He asks you to come, you take your time and you say: "I can't come now. I'll come after awhile. There is no haste." But if he is in want and trouble you say: "I must go right away. I must go now." To-day Jesus stretches out before you two wounded hands, and He begs you to come. Go and you live. Stay away and you die. Oh, that to Him who bought us we might give all our time and all our prayers and all our successes. I would we could think of nothing else, but come to Christ. He is so fair. He is so loving. He is so sympathizing. He is so good. I wish we could put our arms around His neck and say: "Thine, Lord, will I be forever." Oh, that you could begin to love Him. Would that I could take this audience and wreath it around the heart of my Lord Jesus Christ.

When the Atlantic cable was lost in '65, do you remember that the Great Eastern and the Medway and the Albany went out to find it? Thirty times they sank the grapple two and a half miles deep in water. After awhile they found the cable and brought it to the surface. No sooner had it been brought to the surface than they lifted a shout of exultation, but the cable slipped back again into the water and was lost. Then for two weeks more they swept the sea with their grappling hooks, and at last they found the cable and they brought it up in silence. They fastened it this time. Then, with great excitement they took one end of the cable to the electrician's room to see if there were really any life in it, and when they saw a spark and knew that a message could be sent, then every hat was lifted and the rockets flew and the guns sounded until all the vessels on the expedition knew that the work was done and the continents were lashed together.

Well, my friends, Sabbath after Sabbath Gospel messengers have come searching down for your souls. We have swept the sea with the grappling hook of Christ's gospel. Again and again we have thought that you were at the surface, and we began to rejoice over your redemption; but at the moment of our gladness you sank back again into sin. To-day we come with the Gospel searching for your soul. We apply the cross of Christ first, to see whether there is any life left in you, while all around the people stand, looking to see whether the work will be done, and the angels of God bend down and witness; and oh! if now we could see only one spark of love and hope and faith, we would send up a shout that would be heard on the battlements of Heaven, and two worlds would keep jubilee, because communication is open between Christ and the soul, and your nature that has been sunken in sin has been lifted into the light and the joy of the Gospel.

—A—I am in an awful fix. R.—What's up? A.—I have nothing to eat and I have nothing to pawn except my false teeth. Now, if I pledge them to get a bit of food I shan't be able to eat it. It's the very first time such a thing has happened to me in my life time. Lend me five francs, will you?—Le Perroquet.

—Said a dolt to a philosopher: "I should like to know how it is you never talk to me." "You would like to know the reason? This is it. When you don't agree with me, I am sorry for you; and when you do, I am sorry for myself."—Le Mosque de Fer.

—Anxious for Information.—Miss Laker (of Chicago)—I am passionately fond of music. Miss Manhattan—You know Balfe's "Bohemian Girl." I suppose? Miss Laker—Well, no; er—are they engaged?—Detroit Free Press.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The prescribed course of medical instruction in the Mexican National university is seven years.

—The cheap food depot of the Salvation Army in London has supplied 3,606,648 meals to unfortunates.

—Wonderful progress has been made in this country of late years in teaching the dumb to speak. Last year articulation was taught to 4,335 pupils.

—John D. Rockefeller dropped \$50,000 in bonds in the Tabernacle Baptist church contribution box in New York the other day, and they didn't make nearly so much noise as the special contributions from the rest of the congregation.

—Miss Joanna Baker has for several years been a successful professor of Greek in Simpson college, Iowa, and her sister, Miss Myra Baker, has recently become professor of modern languages in Napa college, California. Both ladies are unusually accomplished linguists.

—An interesting colony of French Protestants, descendants of the Huguenots, has been gradually formed in Great Barrington, Mass. It consists of about forty families, mostly farmers, who have come from the eastern part of France. They have formed themselves into a church.

—John R. Middlemis, of Salt Lake City, has given to the Presbyterian general assembly one hundred acres of land in that place, worth three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. His purpose is to expend one hundred and sixty thousand dollars in building a Presbyterian college and to utilize the remainder as an endowment fund.

—Arrangements have been made in the musical department of the Bible institute in Chicago, of which Mr. Moody is president, to have special music classes throughout the summer which will meet the needs of ministers, teachers and others who, during the vacation, wish to take advantage of an opportunity to study music reading and singing.

—The Chicago papers are boasting that at least thirty different religions will be represented in the "congress of all religions" that is to form part of next year's industrial exhibition—ten Asiatic religions, including Buddhism; four European, including Greek orthodoxy; four African, including fetishism, and twelve American, including Mormonism.

—The regents of the university of Michigan have appointed Adolph Hall, Jr., of Washington university, as professor of astronomy, vice Prof. William Harrington, who resigned to become chief of the United States weather bureau, and Israel C. Russell, of the United States geological survey, to fill the chair so long held by Prof. Alexander Winchell as professor of geology.

EXTINCT BIRDS.

Specimens That Rivalled the Roe of Munchausen.

Those who have read the story of Sinbad the Sailor, and who has not? will be interested to know that there is some foundation for the supposed-to-be fabulous stories he told of the roe and its monster eggs. Ornithologists have figured that it was a monster specimen of the Epinoris family of birds, which are known to have formerly lived in Madagascar. The prize-takers among the Epinoris stood (according to skeletons which have been found in guano beds) a fraction of twelve feet high, and laid eggs, specimens of which are now in existence, which were as large as a two gallon jug and had a holding capacity as great as one hundred and forty-eight good-sized hen's eggs! The giant moa, which did not become extinct until after Captain Cook's visit to New Zealand, was larger in point of weight and bulk at least than Sinbad's roe. The moa was but nine feet high, but he weighed over a thousand pounds. It was so clumsy that Cook's sailors had no difficulty in killing several of them with the hand-spikes which were used about the ship. The great auk, another species of bird now extinct, was not so remarkable for its size as for the fabulous sum of money now asked and given for specimens of its eggs. In the year 1889 an egg of the great auk sold in London for two hundred and twenty-five pounds.—Philadelphia Press.

The Ruling Passion.

A gentleman found himself one evening in delightful tete-a-tete with a fair graduate of a well-known finishing school for young ladies. She showed him the curriculum of the institution, and he after simulating a profound interest in the matter and knowledge of the subjects, being in reality a little awed by the evidence of her large stature, asked her rather hesitatingly, with reference to the various courses of study, in what she had graduated. "Oh," she said sweetly, "I graduated in white swiss."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Preferred Papa.

Mother (at a reception)—Why didn't you accompany Mr. Nicefello out to supper?

Sweet Girl—I prefer to go with papa. Mother—Mr. Nicefello is devoted to you, and seemed much dejected by your refusal. I thought you—er—rather liked him.

Sweet Girl (blushing)—I do. Mother—Then why didn't you go out to supper with him?

Sweet Girl—Well, if you must know, it's because I'm ravenously hungry.—N. Y. Weekly